

Hugh Peters Figaries

OR,

His merry Tales, and witty Jests, both in City, Town & Countreys. In a pleasant and Histori-
cal Discourse; shewing,

1. His merry Pranks and Conjurations, betwixt the Miller and his Wife, and the Parson of the Town in a Reading Trough, with their several Speeches.
2. How Mr. Peters was abused by the Butchers Wife, And how he lighted the Blind Harper. With many other Conceits upon the Citizens Wives.
3. How he pretended to cloath Christ in a Buff-Coat; His opening of Heavens Gates to a Committee-man; And how he looked for that Mighty Oliver Cromwel, but could not find him. With many other delightful Stories.

Licensed according to Order.



Printed by George Hart, living in Finsbury, London.

Hugh Peters Figures :

His many Tales and witty Jestes in C. Town & Coun-
 try : In a pleasant and Historical Discourse ; shewing
 the many strange and curious things that have
 happened in the Town and Country since the
 first planting of the Colony in 1620. By Hugh
 Peters, a Native of the Town. Printed in
 London, 1650.

Licensed according to O. S.



Printed by J. Sturges, at the Sign of the Crown, in St. Dunstons Church-yard, near St. Dunstons Church, in London.



Hugh Peters Figaries, &c.

How Mr. Peters being belated on a Journey, lodged at a Millers house, and what passed between him and the Miller.

MR. Peters being on a Journey inquired of a Miller whom he saw standing on his Mill, where he might have a lodging for himself, and conveniencie for his Horse; the Miller answered, *He knew no place thereabout*: Whereupon Peters travelled on his way, till he came to a little house, which appeared to be the Millers; there he knocks, the good woman coming to the door, Mr. Peters desired lodgings; she told him she had but one bed in the house, and therein lay her Husband and her self, but if he would be content with clean straw in the Barn, he might. Mr. Peters accepted the proffer, and betakes himself to the Barn, where he had not lain long, but through a small cranny, he spies a man with a bottle of Wine and a Capon; which was no sooner brought, but immediately a good fire was made, and down thereto he went; anon knocks the Miller, all the while the Dame was sore affrighted, and presently conveys away the Capon on the spire, puts out the fire, hides her friend in a kneading Trough, and then opened the door for her husband. The good man being weary, betakes himself to rest; which Mr. Peters seeing, bethought how he might be master of that Capon; and to effect it, leaving the Barn, he comes to the house door, knocks, and straight there appears the Miller: *Honest Friend,* quoth Mr. Peters, *I enquired of you for a lodging, but you knew of none, therefore I am content with this Barn; but being exceeding hungry, I desire you to refresh me with what you have, I shall content you to your own desire.* Indeed, quoth the Miller, I have nothing but a brown Loaf, and a piece of Suffolk Cheese, you are welcome to that, and so opens the door. Mr. Peters being in, said, *Now my friend, what if I should try a conclusion for some victuals, shouldst not be angry, wouldst thou?* I angry, no in truth, Sir, not I, quoth the Miller. With that, quoth Hugh, *When I was a Youth I could conjure, and I think I have not forgot*: So uttering some barbarous words, and making strange figures with his fingers, saith he, *Look in such a place, and see what there is.* Oh Sir, quoth the Miller, I pray do not conjure, I dare

not do as you command me: Pretence, said Mr. Peters, do so as I say, and fear not, we shall have good chear anon. By these perswasions the Miller was wrought upon, He looks, and finds a goodly Capon piping hot, which he brings forth: To this they both fall to; but Hugh complaining of the smallness of the Millers drink, would needs conjure again: so doing as before, He bid the Miller look in such a place, which he did; and there found a bottle of Wine: This they drank, the Miller admiring, and believing wicked Hugh to be a Conjuror; who said, *What if I should shew thee the Devil that brought these good things?* Oh (quoth the Miller) for Gods sake, Sir, forbear, I never saw the Devil yet, and I would not see him now. Nay, said Mr. Peters, *Do you do, as I shall instruct you, and you need not fear; stand in the next Room, and when I stamp, then come forth.* With much perswasions he went in; being gone, Peters steps to the Trough, wherein the kind Devil had hid himself; and uncovering it, said he, *Go your ways, and be glad you scape so.* Out goes the man, and Mr. Peters then stamps with his foot: whereupon presently appears the Miller. Look, said Mr. Peters, *see you where the Devil goes?* Good God, replied the Miller, if you had not said it was the Devil, I durst have sworn it had been the Parson of our Parish. *Indeed it was.*

How Mr. Peters lighted the blind Harper.

Mr. Peters being in company with a Parliament-man one evening, it so happened, that a blind Harper coming by, and hearing their Discourse, began to play; upon which they willed him to come into the house; And having done, Mr. Peters called to his friends servant to light the blind Harper out. To whom the servant said, Sir, *The Harper is blind. Why then (quoth Mr. Peters) he hath the more need of Light.*

How Mr. Peters cheapned a close Stool.

Mr. Peters once cheapned a close Stool; but the shop-keeper asked (as he thought) too much for it, but still commended his commodity, willing him to note the goodness of the Lock and Key: At which he replied, *I have swall'd for either Lock or Key, for I purpose to put nothing in it, but what I care not who steals.*

How Mr. Peters cloutted Christ in a Buff-Coat.

Mr. Peters preaching in the Countrey, told his Auditory he had brought them Christ in a Buff-Coat; saying, *Here, take him while you may have him; for if you refuse him this time, I'll carry him with me to New-England.*

How Mr. Peters went to Heaven and Hell.

Mr. Peters in the midst of one of his Sermons, dives down, and rising up again, Faith, My Beloved, Where think you I have been now? I'll tell you, I have been in Heaven, and there's my Lord Bradshaw; but to say the truth, I did not see Cromwel; the Lord knows whether the Great Wind blew him. Then diving again, Now, faith he, I have been in Hell, and there were a number of factious Parliament men, Old Usurers, and young Sequestrators; and that they might believe it to be true as that Gospel, shewing a Paper-book with Notes, bound up like a Testament.

How Mr. Peters was served by the Butchers Wife.

Mr. Peters ingratiating himself with a Butchers Wife, who was somewhat handsome, did with much intreaty gain her consent to be her Visitor at midnight, and she ordered him to come at such a time, and put his hand under the door, where he should finde the Key which should open a passage to her Chamber: He comes at the appointed time, but this crafty Woman, in stead of the Key, had there laid a Trap, and Mr. Peters looking for the Key, did unluckily thrust his hand into the Trap, and could not get it out, till by his calling for help, he was heard, and disgracefully used.

How Mr. Peters discoursed against Organs.

Mr. Peters discoursing of Church Ceremonies, brake into this expression, *Ye must have Musick too*; but indeed when as ye say, *Lord have mercy upon us miserable Sinners*, ye may well vary the words a little, and let your Petition be, *Lord have mercy upon us miserable Singers*.

How Mr. Peters asked Grapes of Alderman Titchbourn.

Alderman Titchbourn, so formerly called, wrote a Book, and entitled it, *A Cluster of Canaans Grapes*, and Mr. Peters meeting him, asked him if his Worship would be pleased to bestow a Cluster of his Grapes on him; at which the Alderman answered, If he would come to his Vine (meaning his house) he should have his choyce of all his store.

How Mr. Peters opened Heaven Gates to a Committee-man.

Preaching once in Ireland, and discoursing on the Times, it came into his head, with his Knuckle to hit against the Pulpit, imitating to his Auditory, he had been in Heaven, and answering the sound, quoth he, *who is there, a Cavalier*, Oh a Calier! you must not come here, you must to Hell, for you fight against the Parliament. Then he knocks again, and cries, *Who is there, a Round-head*; Oh a Round-head! you must not come hither, you are factious and disorderly in Opinions; so he knocks the third time, and cries, *Who is there, a Committee-man*; Oh a Committee-man, *be mist come, and shall*, laying his hands on the Pulpit door, as if he would let him in.

How Mr. Peters wished his Auditory to beware of three W's.

Mr. Peters preaching in a Country Village, exhorted his Congregation in this manner; Beware, Beloved, of three mischievous W's, Wine, Women, and Tobacco; but you will object, Tobacco is no W, to which I answer, Tobacco must be understood under the notion of a Weed, and then it holds right.

How Mr. Peters said he knew where His Majesty was.

Mr. Peters was once heard to say, That he where knew his Majesty was, and being desired to tell, said, in Bedlam sure enough, for unless he be mad he will not be in England.

How Mr. Peters inveighed against Citizens Wives.

Preaching in London, he exclaimed greatly against the Citizens Wives; Your City Mistresses (saith he) must have their Lap-dogs to play with all day long, for want of Children; and if by chance he lets flie an uncivil blast; then, *Out ye Fainting Cur, O how he stinks*. Immediately after he leaps into their Lap again, and to Bed perhaps they both march together, and the happy Cur is laid so snug, where many an Honest man would be with all his Heart.

How Mr. Peters jeered a Rich Man and his Fat Wife.

Mr. Peters being invited to Dinner to a friends house, knowing him to be very wealthy, and his Wife as Fat as he was Rich, brake this Jest at Table before them; *Truly Sir, said he, you have the World and the Flesh, but pray God that you get not the Devil in the end*.

How Mr. Peters said he had been in Heaven.

Another time he told his Auditory he had been in Heaven, and there were store of Round-heads, but going into Hell, he found it so full of Cavaliers, that if a Round-head should chance to stumle thither, there would be no room for him.

How Mr. Peters took an affront on the Exchange.

Mr. Peters walking at full Change time on the Royal Exchange, a certain person comes to him, whispering him in the ear, says to him, Mr. Peters you are a Knave, or else you had never gained so much Wealth as you have. Say you so (said he) Marry if you were not a Fool, you would be a Knave too.

How Mr. Peters answered Oliver Cromwel.

Being desired by Oliver Cromwel to repair to an appointed place, there to preach, it suddenly fell a Raining, whereupon Cromwel offered him his Coat; to whom he replied, *I will not have it for my part, I would not be in your Coat for a thousand pounds.*

How Mr. Peters defaced a shoulder of Mutton.

Being invited to Dinner, his Stomack invired him into the Kitchen to take a slice before Dinner, where espying a Shoulder of Mutton, began to cut a piece of that, and to deface it; at which, saith the Maid, O Sir, cut not of that, because it is old. Say you so, quoth he, then I will have a piece of it to chuse, for Age you know is honourable.

How Mr. Peters brake a Jest upon a Lady.

Mr. Peters by chance meeting a Lady of his acquaintance, asked her how she did, and how her good Husband fared; at which words weeping, she answered, *Her Husband had been in Heaven long since.* In Heaven, quoth he, it is the first time that I have heard of it, and I am sorry for it with all my heart.

How Mr. Peters reproved the Minister Oliver Cromwel for sleeping in the Church while he was Preaching.

It being his turn to preach before the said Tyrant at the Chappel in White-hall, much about the time that his present Majesty was marching towards Worcester. He espied that the Devil had shut the Case-means of his Highness Eyes, and lulled him asleep; whereupon varying from his discourse in hand, quoth he, *We have now an enemy in this our Land, a potent one, and it is not unknown I suppose to any here that he daily approaches nearer us; but 'tis no matter, I preach but in vain while my Auditor sleeps, I hope he will come and take you napping.*

How Mr. Peters mistook in reaching to the top of his Pulpit.

Mr. Peters preaching immediately after the death of Oliver Cromwel, in his Sermon brought in this expression, *That he knew Oliver Cromwel was in Heaven as sure as he could.* Then touch the head of his Pulpit, and reaching up his Hand to have done the same, came short thereof by half a yard.

How Mr. Peters examined a Country Lad, and the Fells that heaped on
 that Lad.

An honest Boy that kept his Fathers Sheep in the Country, did
 sit to play a pair of Cards in his Pocket, and at the same meeting
 with his Companion, played at the Game called One and Thirty, at
 which sport he would some dayes loose a Sheep or two, for which
 his Father corrected him; in Revenge whereof, the Boy would
 drive the Sheep home at Night over a narrow Bridge, where some
 of them falling into the Water, were drowned.

The old man wearied with his sons naughty tricks, had told
 before Mr. Peters. (He being a man buile, and having some Autho-
 rity in those parts where he lived.) Mr. Peters begins to reprove the
 Boy in these words: Sirrah, you are a notable Villain, you play at
 Cards, and lose your Fathers sheep at One and Thirty. The Boy u-
 sing his reverence, and self-manners, replied it was a lie. A lie
 (quoth the old man) and a sawey knave, do you give me the lie? No
 quoth the Boy, but you told a lie; for I never lost Sheep at One and
 Thirty, for when my Game was One and Thirty I alwayes won. In-
 deed said Mr. Peters, thou sayest true. But I have another accusation
 against thee; which is, That you drive your Fathers Sheep over a
 narrow Bridge, where some of them are oftentimes drowned. The
 Boy too, quoth the Boy, for those that goe over the Bridge are well
 enough, it is onely such that fall beside which are drowned; which
 Mr. Peters acknowledged for a truth, and being well pleased with
 his Clownish answer, gave him a short advice, and then dismissed
 him.

How Mr. Peters and several Justices of the Peace, sate two dayes about
 drinking small Beer.

Several Justices of the Peace (with whom Mr. Peters was then ac-
 companyed) being informed with the frequent sin of Drunkennells
 within their Jurisdictions, met at a Market Town, and sate a dayes
 to reforme it, whereupon they commanded, that from thenceforth
 small Beer should be Brewed, at which order a mad To-
 pot was called, and having made himself halfdrunk, without fear or wit,
 he came before them, and asked them, if they had sat two dayes a-
 bout drinking small Beer: One of them answered, yes, why then,
 he asked them, how many more they should know who shall drink it, for I

